

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE:

OR,

## Journal of Criticism, Science, and the Arts.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

1. *THE VERMIN DESTROYER, being a complete and necessary family book; showing a sure and ready way of destroying Aiders, Birds of all kinds, Bugs, Caterpillars, Pisants, Flies, Foxes, Polecat, Rabbits, Hares, Frogs, Gnats, Mice, Moths, Otters, Serpent, Snails, Snakes, Spiders, Thads, Wasps, Weasels, Worms or Mole: on any part of the body. Worms in houses, gardens or fruit trees. A new mode of catching all kinds of Birds and wild Fowl; Fish of all kinds, Moles and Locusts, &c. Also some valuable medical Receipts for the Rheumatism, Palsy, Gout, Pleurisy, Cholera, Spitting of blood, Dropsy, Consumption, Scurvy, &c. To which are added many curious secrets in Nature and Art.* By Dr. James Johnston. The above have been proved for more than twenty years never to fail. Philad. 1821. 12mo.

2. *A HISTORY OF THE HAUNTED CAVERNS OF MAGDALLA, AN INDIAN QUEEN OF SOUTH AMERICA, with her Likeness. Written by Dr. James Johnston, during a captivity of three years, being taken up as a spy by the above Queen, and near the expiration of his time, tried by their laws for attempting his escape, found guilty, and sentenced to death in their barbarous way, to be stuck full of light wood splinters, set on fire, and kept dying for several days. With the author's trial, and last speech to the Indian kings and chiefs, together with his Oration on the stage, at the King's request, in order to teach them the better to govern their country, and numerous subjects. With the Rise and Progress of the Indian tribes and that of the white inhabitants of South America. Published for the relief of the Author, who lost his all by that tremendous fire at Savannah, as before stated in the public papers.* Philad. 1821. 12mo.

The pursuits of the learned Doctor whose title pages we have copied,

will probably remind our readers of the studies of that famous philosopher of whom the king of Britain once enquired the cause of thunder.

*Leor.* I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:—What is your study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

*Leor.* Let me ask you a word in private.

We are far from wishing to suggest that any further coincidence exists between the case of our author and that of this philosopher. 'Dr James Johnston' has the advantage of his predecessor in some material circumstances. In the first place, he has committed his system to paper, and evidently made himself master of the valuable art to the furtherance of which his first book is devoted; and, secondly, he lives in an age of reviewing when none of the flowers of literature can blush unseen, and has the particular good fortune of attracting the notice of a reviewer who is determined, as far as in him lies, to make the public partake of some of the pleasure he has enjoyed in the perusal of his productions. To which grateful task we proceed without further exordium.

The first beauty that strikes us in the works of our American Dr. Johnston (and we propose to develop his beauties *seriatim*) is the fulness and comprehensiveness of his title pages. There is no mystery about them. The Doctor is evidently one of those frank-hearted people who love to see every thing above board, and like Mrs. Primrose in the Vicar of Wakefield, have no idea of hiding their light under a bushel. Now, this kind of title is particularly agreeable to reviewers. It saves us a world of trouble in making out a table of contents for our readers, and relieves us from the embarrassing predicament in which we are sometimes placed of guessing at the drift of the author.

We cannot quit these significant title pages without indicating to our readers the happy improvement in zoology, which appears in that of the first work, where "Birds of all kinds,"

"Worms" and "Moles on the human body," are included in the list of Vermin.

Proceeding in due order, we shall first lay before our readers some specimens of the invaluable information contained in the "Vermin Destroyer," and then shall leave them to judge whether their families can be safe without a copy of the work. Housekeepers should look to it. In the words of our author, "many troubles is saved in families by keeping mice and other vermin out of it." The arrangement of the subjects in this volume not being perfectly clear, we are compelled to make our selections somewhat at random.

*Weasels* are not very troublesome in this country, but the ingenuity and tenderness of heart manifested in the following passage induces us to extract it.

*Weasels.* The smell of a burnt cat frights them away, as all insects will be frightened away with their own kinds being burnt.

The simplicity of the following plan as well as its cheapness, must certainly recommend it to our readers.

*To prevent Frogs croaking.* Set a lantern and candle upon the side of the water or river that waters your garden, it is done. Toads will not come near sage if rue is planted about it.

Sometimes we find a valuable hint a little out of place, as the following instance:

*Snails; the gardener's way.* Besides what is wrote above, they seek them by break of day, or after rain, when they come out of the earth to feed, and are easily killed. You ought to keep out of gardens dogs and cats.

As summer is approaching, a prescription like the following may be serviceable to our readers. It appears, too, singularly practicable and pleasant in its operation, especially on a hot evening.

*Gnats and Flies.* Shut your windows close in summer towards the evening, and smoke your rooms with brimstone, and burn straw in them, or they will fly into the flame, or be choked. Or the smoke of burnt fern drives away gnats, serpents,

and other venomous creatures. *Or loose strife does the same.*

As some good tempered persons may doubt the propriety of following the latter part of the advice, and consider the remedy worse than the evil, we offer them the next receipt, which may be found, in some respects, preferable.

*Gaols and Flies.* Ash leaves hung up in a room, attracts them, that they are less troublesome; also balls made of new horse dung, and laid in a room will do the same; by *this means* you may *overwhelm them with a basin*, and keep them there.

*Fish*, as might be supposed from our author's talents at classification, are included among *dangerous vermin*. Sportsmen will find some new suggestions in the Doctor's directions, and our learned readers will not fail to admire the display of learning with which they conclude.

*Fish.* Your baits must smell well, such are aniseeds, juice of panacea and cummin; *2dly*, taste well, as hog's blood and wheat bread; *3dly*, be intoxicating, as *aqua vite*, lees of wine, &c. and *lastly*, make them senseless, as marigold flowers, which *astonishes them*, so doth all yellow flowers, and *lime clithimal*, *nox romica*, and nothing better than *cactus indicæ*.

The only objections we perceive to the *modus operandi* in the following case, is, that few who have not had the opportunities of M. Belzoni in the mummy-pits, can try the experiment.

*Fish.* Boil barley in water till it burst, with liquorice, a *little mummy* and honey; then beat them together to a paste, and throw little pellets, when it is almost dry, where fish are, and it will bring them together.

Another passage recommends a mixture of "the blood of a black goat mixed with wheat flour and lees of wine," to be thrown into the water "a little before you fish."

Anxious, as we feel, to support our opinion of the value of this work by copious extracts, we are circumscribed in room, and however tantalizing it may be to them, our readers must be contented to take only the titles of some other passages we had intended to extract.

"A secret to hinder pigeons from quitting a pigeon house.

"Birds, to keep from fruit.

"How to teach birds to *speak*, or to whistle tunes.

"Dogs, to prevent breeding.

"An universal remedy against all animals offensive to flowers."

When it is considered that "The above have been proved for more than twenty years never to fail," we think none but the most prejudiced and malicious can doubt the justness of our eulogiums.

We come now to the second in order of time of Dr. Johnston's works, though we are inclined to think the *first* in merit, as it certainly surpasses the other in breadth of design and magnificence of workmanship. "*Paulo majora canamus*," or Mr. Bowles' "Awake a louder and a loftier strain," should have been his motto. The genius of our author here takes a higher and wider flight, and instead of admiring his philanthropic exertion in the humble, though meritorious, occupation in which we have just now seen him engaged, we are to follow him through "antres vast and deserts idle" to shudder at his manifold dangers, rejoice in his miraculous escapes, and, finally, to sympathize with him on losing his all "by that tremendous fire at Savannah as before stated in the public papers." Hardened as we have become by this business of reviewing, "we are not stocks and stones," as Sterne says; and there are incidents and denouements in these interesting adventures that have moved us more than any thing we have met with since the lamentable accidents that befell Mr. Puff in the *critic*. But we will detain our readers no longer from this sentimental repast. The bill of fare is so fully given in the title page that no further explanation is necessary, on our part, and we take our first extracts from the opening of the narrative.

"The following remarkable circumstance, is from my own experience, in company of a Mr. Win. Smith, who had formerly been a great traveller both by land and sea; and previous to the above, had travelled America pretty near to the extent of her almost unlimited boundaries, in every direction. This very accommodating gentleman, I employed to accompany me as a guide as well as a protector, throughout our numerous travels in the unfrequented wiles of America, the proceeding curious occurrence took place in the united provinces of South America, being then lost and bewildered for fifty-six days, during which time we never eat a morsel of food but the wild trash of the forests, such as leaves of trees, and the bark of the same. As we were travelling one evening in the sweet pleasant month of May, in the dominions

of Brazil, which commanded a beautiful view of the Atlantic ocean, I being some distance in our march a-head of my companion Mr. Smith, I was very much surprised by beholding at a distance the appearance of a woman, attended with a train of young maids, who all with pensive steps walked sub-serviently behind her, who appeared a much larger woman than those of her maids. The higher this woman approached me, the more beautiful she appeared in my sight; I being then young, and destitute of that fortitude which is necessary to surmount the numerous difficulties into which youth are too frequently involved. It happened to be the case that this woman was as much, or perhaps more enamoured with my first appearance, than I was with hers. She being proprietor of a beautiful position not far distant from where we met her, entitled *The Haunted Caverns of Magdelama*, a curious and splendid residence; she being anxious and full of intrigue, at once seemed predetermined to compel me to her fond embraces, and in order to effect her design, made use of the following expression. O you bold intruders, said she, have you not heard of me, my name is Magdelama, the governess of these solitary mountains, from whom no bold invader goes unpunished."

Upon this the author counsels with his "accommodating" friend, and in conformity with his advice addresses the lady in the following speech, the numerous beauties of which we need not point out to our readers.

"O thou most beautiful part of the fair creation, as a virtuous fair one, you my charmer have captivated my innocent heart, and though I am so much in your power, I trust you possess too noble a mind to take any advantage of our forlorn, bewildered, and unfortunate situation. It is true the beautiful, as well as the virtuous women, is compared to the most brilliant stars of the firmament of heaven, and the influence of your power I perceive it is in vain to resist. The whiteness of your bosom transcendeth the lily, your smiles are far more delicious than a garden of roses, the kisses of your lips are sweeter than honey, and the perfumes wafted from fields of Arabian spices, issued from thy interior system. Let not the greatest nobleman shut his bosom to the tenderness of your love, for the purity of its flame shall enoble even the heart of an emperor, and soften it to receive the purest impressions."

"Those few expressions in favour of this woman," says our author, and we do not doubt it, "very much changed the scene. She was immediately softened from the hardness of a flint rock to that of a rose." She motioned him to follow her and conducted him to her cave, of which the

author gives an eloquent and glowing description in the best taste, as our readers may suppose from the previous specimens. Here he finds a splendid garment prepared for him, upon which Mr. Smith moralizes in the following pleasing strain.

"Men, who like an unvirtuous woman, loves to adorn their person, has renounced all claim to wisdom and glory: for it is due to those only who dare to associate with pain, and have trampled pleasure under their feet."

Magdelama prepares a sumptuous repast, in the detail of which we observe "wine more richer than Nectar." In the meantime one of the attendant maids favours them with a song, which, says our accomplished traveller,

"From its melody, and beautiful sound which those numerous caverns gave it, my weak and innocent mind was affected, which extorted a tear from my languishing eyes, as it was a tune which my father in his lifetime had oft times sung to a favourite song, in order to please myself when a small boy."

When supper was over, his filial affection again got uppermost—"the tears that then stole down my cheeks," said Smith, added fresh lustre to my appearance." He begs permission of Magdelama to pay a few tears to the memory of his deceased father, "who admired me more than jewels of inestimable value." The enamoured Queen begs like Desdemona that he would all his pilgrimage dilate. "She inquired of me what part of the globe we had most travelled, and what fortunate wind had wafted us to her kind embraces." Thus in the classical narrative of Mr. William Taylor's adventures, we find the captain, when he "kims for to know" of the lady's arrival, asking her "Vat vind has blown you to me?" We do not accuse Dr. Johnston of plagiarism. The language of nature is the same all over the globe. In compliance with her request, our hero then relates the adventures of his voyages and travels, and in the progress of his narrative makes some valuable additions to the stock of geographical knowledge, which, we trust, Dr. Morse and Mr. Darby will avail themselves of. We have not room for even a notice of them. Suffice it to say, that we were not less gratified by the perusal than Magdelama appears to have been by the relation. "This woman," continues our au-

thor, "was much enamoured with the small detail of my travels which I related, but insisted that I should give her a small detail of my parentage." Whereupon he recounts to her *à propos des boties*, an address made to him by his father before he "was old enough to understand the meaning of it," touching seduction from virtue; which seems from the sequel, however well intended, to have made little impression on the amorous Queen. A great many interesting incidents succeed which we must pass over. We cannot omit, however, a paragraph which represents our author and Mr. Smith in the new light of political philosophers. Brief as the conversation was, we see in it the sparks of great minds.

"O! said Smith one day during our captivity, what a sweet privilege liberty is, it has a delightful and pleasing sound; it has formerly stimulated the breasts of our fore-fathers to wade through oceans of blood, fearless of death in all her ghastly forms. That is a true observation said I, Mr. Smith, but as the counsels of a commonwealth are generally more public than those of a monarchy, so generally they are *more fair than honest*."

Of the concluding remark we are at a loss which to admire most, the soundness or the distinctness of meaning. Evils were now impending. "A numerous band of Indian Kings" had resolved vengeance upon him for "undervaluing Magdelama, their friend, and also the widow of one of their deceased Kings." He was seized, and "a large fire as big as a small house," prepared for the purpose of burning him. He was saved, however, at the very moment of execution by the intercession of Magdelama, though not until he had signalized his native valour by dispersing a large party with no other weapons than two firebrands, "which made them soon scatter running and laughing, almost ready to die, and I wish they had, the thieves, with the fear they experienced at my rude conduct." The conditions of his liberation appear (though in this part of his work the worthy Doctor is not very explicit) to have been twofold, matrimony with Magdelama, and the delivery in presence of the assembly of "a speech, in order to dictate to kings and rulers how wisely to govern their passions as well as their subjects." "So," said the chief who announced his sentence to him, "mount this stage for the purpose, and pro-

ceed." This natural and rational condition (of the performance of the first we do not hear) was immediately complied with. The Doctor has fortunately preserved a copy of his speech, and gives it entire in the volume, to which we must refer our impatient readers. We have only room for the exordium.

"The author's speech to the Indian kings and rulers.

"O you great, mighty kings and rulers, permit me, though unworthy as well as incapable, to make an expression for your edification as near agreeable to the king's request, as my weak mind is capable of dictating me."

He is then released and receives a "written discharge" from some of the chief kings, the original of which is still in the author's possession. The narration ends here rather abruptly. We are left entirely in the dark as to the fate of "the very accommodating gentleman" and our South American Dido. We are to presume that the condition of matrimony was complied with on the part of our author; but he should have reflected upon the cruelty of trifling with the feelings of his readers, so highly acted upon as we confess ours to have been by this eventful history.

After the narrative, the author favours us with a statistical, geographical and historical account of South America, which occupies the greater part of the volume, and from its deficiency in those fine touches of sentiment and grammatical purity, with which the preceding pages abound, we conjecture to have been taken from the works of some matter of fact geographer. This is a great injury to the work, and we earnestly hope that when this volume come to a second edition, which must be before long, the author's own speculation will be substituted. Some detached pieces occupy the latter part of the volume. We have left ourselves no room to speak of them as they deserve. The following, which the author justly entitles "A remarkable circumstance," will, we have no doubt, gratify our readers as much as it has pleased us. Though long, we give it entire, as it is impossible to abridge it without a destruction of some of its beauties.

"Among my numerous travels, as I was one day riding along the banks of the North River, which leads from the city of New York, to the city of Albany, near to a small town known by the name of Clo-



terhook, I was much alarmed by the most piercing shrieks and cries, apparently of a woman in distress. This lamentation appeared to me to sound from about the middle of the river, which at that part of it, was said to be some better than one mile wide. Those lamentable cries, as I thought so much implored my assistance, that I immediately jumped down and tied my horse's bridle to the limb of a tree, and steered across the river on the ice, towards where the sound seemed to come from. The nigher I got to this dreadful scene of misery, the more my anxiety prompted me to get nearer; and in a short time arrived in full view of a beautiful young gentleman and his sister, who were on a visit to their relatives in the city of Albany, riding in a sleigh drawn by a couple of fine horses on the ice, and had unfortunately broke through what is called a spring-tide in the river: these elegant fine horses were plunging up and down, sometimes on great cakes of ice, and other times off them, so that the poor horses being so much cut with the ice, that the water appeared like a river of blood. And the sleigh in which these young couple were in, was wonderfully tossed too and fro. So much overjoyed was this couple at my appearing, that, said the young lady to her brother, we are not lost yet I hope. For thanks be to the most high, he has sent us a saviour; O! my beloved friend, said she, exert your most noble powers, and save our lives, and you shall for this noble act, have any ransom you require: be of good courage, said I, until I return back to the other side of the river: where I perceived, when hitching my horse, a house where I hope to obtain assistance, and get you both out of that miserable gulf as soon as possible. These consoling speeches rendered this distressed pair, the most glowing hopes of immediate relief. As soon as I arrived at the house of destination, I related to the family that dreadful scene of misery which I had just been a witness of, and told them in such a mournful case, to grant me all the assistance in their power. But all that was about the house, adequate to such an enterprise, was a young man about nineteen years of age, who seemed quite willing to go with me; and as I had my mind made up in order to effect the business, I discovered, standing against the house, a twenty-foot pine plank. Now, said I to the young man, this long board with our economy, will be sure to effect our undertaking. And so we shouldered the plank, and were soon, but not too soon, at the scene of distress, where we were long looked for by the languishing eyes of these dying pair; I then gave them another word of consolation, saying, be of good comfort my lovely creatures, for be assured that with the assistance of Divine Providence, we will have you both out of your present difficulty, and in yonder comfortable asylum in less than fifteen minutes. Taking hold of the plank, and sliding it

on the ice till we got one end of it on the sleigh which was afloat in the great hole that was in the ice, and the other end of it on the sound ice, now said I to this young man, obey my orders strictly through this enterprise, and I'll warrant you we will gain our desired point. As I am determined, said I, to risk my life with the assistance of the great One, in saving of theirs. I then ordered this man to sit on the end of the board that was on the sound ice, this done. I crawled along the board till I got within reach of the young woman, who was almost stiff: I took hold of her by the petticoat-binding, and with great ease, as I was predetermined, got her on the plank. Then said I to the young man, pull the plank gently to you—and directly he had us both on the sound ice. Then said I, will you in like manner, get this lady's brother on the plank? but he was afraid to enter. I then found I must go through with the whole. So far that I got the brother of this young lady, also on the sound ice along side of his sister. Then came a gentleman with a sleigh and horses, in which we were drove with expedition, to the house where I obtained my assistance in the above enterprise. I being somewhat skilled in the nature of frozen hands, or feet, I immediately adopted a plan which proved in a little time, an excellent remedy for this present complaint; which was a quantity of snow melted—hot hickory wood ashes put into that, and a double handful of allum salt stirred well through the whole. Then divided this preparation into two tubs, one for each of the frozen pair, and got their feet and legs into it as hot as they could bear it, and employed persons to bathe and rub them for one hour, in which time they had revived wonderfully, at which sight I was more rejoiced seemingly, than if I had the whole universe at my command.

Heavens be praised, this is the brightest morning of my life. O what a happy period, when I first heard even at a distance, the lamentation of this fortunate pair.

After those couple were well recruited, and resumed their former lovely appearance again, they proposed making us a present of two hundred dollars each, but I thanked them kindly, adding that it was not for the sake of money I had performed the act, but for the sake of saving life, which is dear and precious to every individual of the human family. Those two youthful creatures were the children of a William Preston, Esq. who had been lately from the city of Charleston, South Carolina, on a visit to friends in the city of New York. The young gentleman was, he said, twenty-two years of age, and his sister seventeen, who appeared to be brought up in the first style, and as beautiful a pair as I have seen since their departure.

So may every person, who has it in their power as I had, exert their best abilities in extricating their fellow creatures from such an impending danger, for they that

are instrumental in saving the life of any person on this spacious globe; it is to be hoped by such noble acts of humanity that they will gain everlasting life in that world where misfortunes and misery, dwelleth not."

Here we close our criticism, in the hope that, whatever may be his fortune hereafter, whether to destroy vermin or to captivate princesses, Dr. James Johnstone may find sufficient encouragement from the results of his present undertaking to continue his laudable efforts for the amusement and instruction of mankind.

#### THE FELLEBERG SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

[The proposed establishment in the vicinity of Philadelphia, of a school of industry, on the plan of that at Hofwyl, must have the best wishes of all who desire to promote the sure and permanent interests of this country. The harmonious union between knowledge and industry which it is proposed to effect, will produce the happiest consequences for all classes of our society. If the example of this school can convince the rich and genteel that agricultural or mechanical labour is not incompatible with the cultivation of letters and manners, advantages of great moment will be effected. To the furtherance of this and all other schemes of practical philanthropy, the pages of the Literary Gazette will be cheerfully devoted. We had prepared a brief view of Mr. Fellenberg's system for this Gazette, and had intended to have offered some remarks upon its applicability to our social and political condition, but finding in the Monthly Review, for March last, an account of the present state of the institution at Hofwyl, taken from more recent publications than those to which we have access, we prefer extracting it, though not so full or satisfactory as we could wish; reserving our remarks for a future number.]

*Translation of the reports of M. le Comte de Capo-d'Istria and M. Rengger, upon the principles and progress of the establishment of M. de Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, Switzerland. By John Attersoll, Esq. 8vo. pp. 150.*

We think that Mr. Attersoll has rendered an acceptable service to the public by executing this trans-

lation, since much curiosity has been excited about the nature of the institution at Hofwyl: but we confess that we are disappointed by the manner in which the reports are drawn up. It seems to us to be the proper object of such a document to communicate a plain and distinct statement of facts, accompanied by such comments only as may illustrate those parts of the statement which are in any respect obscure, or may give additional prominence to those which are considered as particularly important; and that all conjectures, predictions, panegyrics, and declamation of every sort, are entirely out of place on such occasions. In the present reports, however, so much is inserted about what is to be, or what it is hoped will be, about the causes of decline in nations, and the grand designs which may ultimately excite a re-action and resuscitation of the principles of political health, that we have more than once been lost amid anticipations of a sort of millennium, and fancied that we must be reading some scheme of Mr. Owen of Lanark, rather than the reports of the Comte de Capo-d'Istria and M. Rengger on an establishment in Switzerland. We regard this as the more unfortunate, because we believe that much good has been actually effected by M. de Fellenberg when confining himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing his plan on a rational and moderate scale; and we know that nothing can so effectually prejudice the public against his labours, or so invest them with the appearance of empiricism and extravagance, as the vauntings and visions, and the *fanfaronade*, to which he has himself sometimes given way, and in which the reporters indulge to satiety.

In cultivating a considerable portion of land in Switzerland, M. de F. discovered, or imagined, the expediency of manufacturing his own implements of agriculture: in the course of instructing his own sons, he satisfied himself that he had hit on a method more desirable than those which are generally used for communicating information; and he inferred the possibility of combining, to a greater extent than had been before done, literature and the necessary arts of life. This idea led to the establishment of two schools, one of a higher order for pupils under

his own superintendence; and the other a school of industry for poor boys, to manage which he procured the aid of the son of a Swiss schoolmaster, named Vehrli, a youth of considerable ardor and enthusiasm. In his system of education, he introduced in a considerable degree the plan of Pestalozzi; and he prevailed on the school masters belonging to the Canton to meet at stated times, and confer on the best mode of instructing the children of the peasantry. Madame de Fellenberg, also, has been recently endeavouring to establish a sort of female charity-school, on the same plan with the school of industry for poor boys.

As to the higher school, we are assured that the young student is initiated in natural history, mathematics, medicine and chemistry, spherical and physical geography, history, and the statistics of the present day. It is observed:

'The study of history leads to that of the languages, and gives to it an interest which helps to surmount its difficulties. The language and literature of the Greeks are first taken up, because the very polished civilization of that people, and their various relations, present to the tutor the most favourable point from whence to set out, in order to bring his pupils acquainted with the history of the ancient world. Besides the perfection of their language, the illustrious characters in which their history is so rich, and the distinguishing qualities of Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, and the dramatic poets, furnish abundant reasons for an early study of that language, as conducive to the end proposed at Hofwyl. It is there not very extraordinary to hear children of from ten to twelve years of age sing, in their sports, the hymns of the Odyssey, or to see represented in their games the fables of Homer; and it is necessary to watch over them, lest their enthusiasm for this poet should rob them of the repose necessary for their health.\* From the Greeks, they pass on to Virgil, and are then introduced to a profound study of the language and history of the Romans, in which the pupils are occupied some time; after which, through the labyrinth of the middle ages, they arrive at the history and languages of modern times, without, however, overlooking that master-piece of the German

Homer, known by the title of "Chant de Nibelungen."

Interwoven with all this is their religious instruction; and, by combining a good selection of the narratives of the Old Testament, the historical part of the New Testament, 'a very extended study of natural religion, and a still more thorough investigation of the moral and doctrinal dogmas of the church,' a tolerably comprehensive course seems chalked out. In this school, the number of pupils at present is about one hundred, with thirty professors. In the year 1814, when the first report was drawn up, only six professors were appointed, but they were then described as teaching 'drawing, music, and all the branches of a liberal and accomplished education.' No statement is introduced either in the reports or in the translator's preface, to enable us to judge of the expences attending a course of education in this 'seminary,' as it is termed, 'for children of the higher class;' nor is much said that is distinct or intelligible about the discipline used, unless the following passage should be deemed by any of our readers satisfactory on that head:

'In this seminary, none of the ordinary methods of encouragement, or of controul, are put in practice; there is neither first nor last; neither rewards nor medals, nor any humiliating punishments. Instead of the ordinary incentives to emulation or fear, it is customary for the tutors, who are constantly with the children, to make a recapitulation, in their presence, of the principal subjects of praise or blame, which their conduct happens to have presented; the firm and gentle tone of the tutors, and the truly paternal feeling which inspires their exhortations and admonitions, make a deep impression on the minds of the children. All those minuter details which are indicative of character, and furnish occasion for blame or commendation, find a place here; the children speak freely in their own defence, are listened to with patience, and reproved with gentleness. It is not to authority they yield, but to confidence—to affection—to the superior ascendancy of truth, and to the opinion of their companions, which is, in general, just, because it is grounded on sound and correct principles.

'An invariable regularity in the arrangement of their time, and of their different employments, prevents the necessity which exists elsewhere for restraint and correction. The children feel themselves free, because they merely conform to a certain routine, without being subjected to caprice. Unconscious of constraint, they

\* A short time before the publication of this report, the young Baron de Bissing, and the youngest of the three Princes de Wrede, pupils of the institution at Hofwyl, rose at one o'clock in the morning to return to their Homer, and it was necessary to send them again to their beds.'

yet reap all the advantages of it, and acquire a taste and a habit of order. They are open, candid, and happy, for they feel themselves beloved; and, when guilty of such faults as are common to their age, they are generally the first to accuse themselves; since an open confession is sure to be received with affection and indulgence, and saves them the misery of being ill at ease with themselves, and with their companions.

\* There is in this little society no *esprit de corps*, but for doing good. The pupils unite to correct a vice or a fault, or to repair an injury committed by one among them but never to justify it. This susceptibility of conscience, in them all, is the effect of those religious principles which it is constantly endeavoured to render habitual to them by means of example, reflection, and prayer; and this disposition to second their masters, instead of combining against them, results from the conviction they feel, that their adoptive father and his assistants have no object so much at heart as their virtue and happiness.

The account of the School of Industry is much more particular; and the notice of young Vehrli and the first establishment of the school is extremely interesting:

\* With this individual we may best become acquainted, by referring to M. Pictet's Historical Sketch of the Origin of the Institution. "Among the schoolmasters," he says, "assembled to receive instruction at Hofwyl in the year 1809, where they had the opportunity of imbibing those principles, by which they should be guided in the exercise of their very respectable employment, Thomas Vehrli, schoolmaster of Eschikofen, in Thurgovia, was particularly remarked for his good sense, and other useful qualities. He eagerly seized the idea of an institution for the education of the poor, and entreated M. de Fellenberg to engage in it his son, a young man 19 years of age, possessed of all the virtues and talents of his father, and susceptible of that ardent enthusiasm for all that is excellent, without which it is impossible to devote ourselves fully to its attainment.

\* A trial of a few months, during which M. de Fellenberg admitted Vehrli to his table, and by set instruction, as well as by frequent conversation, prepared him for his new situation, was sufficient to give full proof of his integrity, his uprightness, and his zeal, at the same time that it improved his abilities. He became deeply impressed with the sacredness and dignity of the beneficent task he was about to undertake—the importance of its success—and the effects which such an example might produce towards alleviating the condition of the poor. He considered the inestimable advantages which his native country might derive, from a system of education that should be the

means of obtaining for the indigent peasantry a happy existence, and banish from their villages idleness, vice and misery. He felt too, that to his particular lot it had fallen to make proof of what uprightness of intention and earnestness of endeavour were capable of effecting, towards the accomplishment of so noble a task.

\* It now became difficult to longer restrain his zealous ardour. At first, it had been intended to select the children from the most distressed and deserving families in the neighbourhood; but the parents, incapable of estimating the value of such an advantage, showed little desire to obtain it; it was therefore resolved to adopt the scholars indiscriminately, as chance might point out.

\* A child, eight years of age, son of a peasant belonging to the canton of Lucerne, who had been reduced to poverty; a young native of Solerne, taken up with his parents as a vagrant in Alsace, and sent to Hofwyl by a friend of M. de Fellenberg, who was aware of his beneficent intentions—and a third child, belonging to the canton of Berne, deserted by his father and mother, and taken charge of by a forest-keeper, were the children on whom Vehrli first made trial of his devotion to the cause. It was necessary that he should give up his place at the table of M. de Fellenberg, and take up with the customary diet of the poor, which is almost exclusively potatoes and milk—and submit to sleep, like them, on straw. But nothing appeared to him a hardship. He was desired to consider himself at liberty, to draw from the cellar or the larder of the house any thing he might wish for. This privilege he never exercised but once, when, after a cold day's work, he divided a bottle of wine with his children.

\* As far as it has been found possible, the scholars have been admitted but one at a time, and that for the very same reason which induced the adoption of this rule in the upper school. Each child, on his reception, is carefully examined by the physician of the establishment, who afterwards observes from day to day the effect produced on him by the diet and manner of life to which he is subjected—noting down in a journal every particular relating to the physical state of the child, whether in sickness or in health.

\* Vehrli, too, keeps a journal of all that relates to the children, from the moment of their admission, where the natural disposition of each individual, his character, his religious, moral and intellectual improvement, his application to work—every thing, in short, which can bear relation to his future happiness, finds a place.

\* It is considered as a point of the first importance to preserve constant cheerfulness among the pupils, and render them habitually easy, lively, and active. Every thing is calculated to win their confidence. Vehrli works with them, reads, talks, sings with them—tells them stories—gives them

their lessons—admonishes, prays with them—nor does he leave them for a single moment. Industry and regularity, affection and gentleness, prudence and perseverance, triumph over all moral impediments, all perverse habits; and these poor children, twenty-four in number,\* vagrants, beggars, picked up here and there, from the lowest state of wretchedness, received and attended to as they have been with parental kindness, instructed in their duty to God and mankind, provided with constant work, and subjected to a regular plan of employment, which allows not the loss of a moment for instruction, even at the time of their recreations—these children have scarcely required punishment, in order to bring them to regularity and propriety of conduct.

Of their accommodations and dress, the hours which they keep, their occupations, and their studies, we have this very satisfactory account from M. Rengger:

\* These individuals, together with their tutor, Vehrli, inhabit two large rooms, one of which is used for sleeping, the other for work and instruction. An outer building is made use of for their meals, and during the summer they take their lessons in an open shed, built for the purpose, in a neighbouring grove.

\* The dormitory has no artificial heat, except what it receives from the adjoining apartment. It is furnished with camp beds, pallets, palliasses, bolsters of straw, sheets, and a long thick quilt, which in winter is doubled. The commissioners found the dormitory at all times perfectly neat and clean.

\* The children's dress consists of coarse cotton in summer, and of cloth in winter; they always go bare-headed, and in summer wear neither shoes nor stockings, unless their work out of doors be such as to require it; the elder members mend their own clothes. The children rise at five in summer, and in winter at six: when they have washed and dressed, and have said their prayers, they receive instruction during one half hour—then breakfast and work till half past eleven. They are allowed half an hour for dinner, after which, for an hour, Vehrli gives them a sedentary lesson. From one till six in the evening they work, then have their supper, and amuse themselves with various sports, till within half an hour of bed time, which is devoted to instruction, and concluded with prayer; they are generally in bed between eight and nine o'clock.

\* This distribution of time varies, however, with the season; in summer they work rather longer, and sup an hour, or an hour and a half later; during winter, the evening instruction lasts from one to two hours before supper. The average duration of manual labour is therefore ten

\* \* Towards the end of January, 1815, when the Report was first published, the number of Vehrli's pupils was thirty.



hours in summer, and nine in winter; the maximum twelve hours, the minimum eight. During the greater part of the year, their sedentary instruction occupies two hours of the day; in winter, the time is increased to four. Sunday morning is devoted to religious exercises and instruction—after dinner they are again employed, for some hours, in learning, and the rest of the day is spent in walking, and different athletic games.

‘The children’s table is supplied from the kitchen of the farm servants; and their fare is the same, excepting only wine and meat—but the pupils never eat with either the servants or work-people. Their breakfast consists of soup, vegetables, milk, and bread—dinner and supper, the same, with the addition of potatoes. The children have meat for dinner on Sundays; they never drink water with their meals, but are allowed milk—their bread varies in its composition according to the price of corn, being a mixture, in different proportions, of wheat, barley, rye, and beans. Vehrli, presiding at the head of the table, shares the meat with the children, and some activity is required on his part; as, in the course of the two principal repasts only, he has one hundred and fifty portions to distribute. In the long summer evenings, when they sup so much later, the children are provided with a refreshment of fruit and bread. The Commissioners, by tasting the food prepared for the scholars, satisfied themselves that it was of good quality and well dressed, and they observed that the table was rather abundantly than sparingly supplied.

‘They are taught reading, writing, drawing, singing, the elements of grammar and geometry, with some explanation of the daily phenomena and different productions of nature. They learn as much of geography and the history of their own country as is likely to prove useful; besides this, the variety of ways in which their judgments are called into exercise, and the moral and religious instruction which they receive, will be explained hereafter. No regular order is followed in the arrangement of their lessons, but the children are engaged in one or the other study as they seem most inclined. It is observed in the Report, that however exceptionable the plan may be, where the great end of education is to develop the faculties of the mind, in which case the pupils should be accustomed to fix their attention upon whatever subject is presented to them; yet it is liable to no objection where instruction is only a relaxation from manual labour, and the method has indeed been fully justified by experience. As there is a great difference in the age of the pupils, and some have resided a longer, some a shorter time at Hofwyl, it has been found necessary to divide them into two classes, which are separately attended to. The master generally addresses his questions to one pupil

in particular, sometimes to the whole class—but the Commissioners advised that this latter method should be given up, because the answer required from a whole class easily degenerates into words repeated and at random, and without attention. Most of the children when they came knew the alphabet, but scarcely any could read—the greater number of them now read with that ease, accuracy, and well-placed emphasis which is so seldom met with in schools.

‘The children are first taught to write upon slates, and it is only on Sundays that the elder are allowed pen and ink. Very few of them understood even the elements of writing, when they were admitted into the school, but the greater number now write a legible hand with perfect ease.’

This report of M. Rengger contains many very curious extracts from Vehrli’s journal. That gentleman’s talent for observation we readily admit, and M. Rengger dilates with much eloquence on the soundness of his judgment; but some of the extracts from this journal perplexed us much; and, being destitute of his experience, we confess that we should not have conceived some of the methods recommended by him to be the most conducive to the formation of a stable and vigorous understanding. For instance:

‘“I frequently overhear them” (he tells us) “say, one to the other, “Ah I know something!”—Well, I have something to tell Vehrli to-night.”—I often give them in the morning a question, to which they are to find an answer: for example, I say to one—Find me, in the course of the day, twenty substantives beginning with A, and let them all be the names of things to be met with in a well furnished house.—To another—Find me five-and-twenty substantives belonging to objects which are only to be seen in skies.—To a third—give me thirty adjectives that may be joined to the word house. When we have time enough, I make them write the words on their slates.

‘“In geography, such little problems as the following:

‘“Tell me the names of twelve towns in Switzerland of which the initial letters are in alphabetical order, and in what canton they are situated. I try them in the same way with the rivers, and require them to point out their source and the direction in which they flow. I do the same with respect to the mountains, lakes, and valleys: and for this purpose, it is necessary to have a map when the children may examine whenever they like.

‘“It will be evident that, by such methods, the children make a rapid progress in this study, without the sacrifice of any manual occupation. It is in this

way that, while at work in the field, their minds are never idle, and during the time allotted for relaxation they look for the names on the map, or beg their master to point them out.

‘“The following exercise appears to me particularly useful: a child is desired to find, in the course of the day, four bodies ten feet in length, and in the evening he mentions what they are: or he is desired to make a list of twelve articles, of which one-third are five feet high, one-third six feet wide, and the other third eight feet long.”

M. Vehrli relates a great many droll stories about his pupils; such as that one was prevented from stealing apples by the moon rising; that he detected another who had long made depredations on the cheese in the pantry, but always denied the imputation very stoutly, by his extraordinary thirstiness; that, when one of his pupils said that he had seen in the news-paper that two persons had been buried in the snow, one of his comrades asked him *who they were*, then *where it happened* and *how it happened*, and while he stood dumfounded, another asked *when it happened*; and how soundly they all rated him for his ignorance of these circumstances.—The following anecdote strikes us as diverting, and at the same time as evincing great quickness: ‘Samuel said to his school-fellows, “I have just thought of a riddle for you; what is it that we can never overtake even though we run after it?” Yorg immediately answered, “It is our shadow.” He guessed the riddle easily because he had noticed Samuel running after his shadow, and trying to jump over it. But Madorli said, “The riddle is a bad one; for now look at me,” and turning himself he ran with his face towards the sun, “now have I not passed my shadow?”’

The maintenance of each scholar annually is stated to amount to about 5l. 14s. sterling; but in some years it has been estimated at only 3l. 8s. beyond the value of his work. The punishments are mentioned to be few in number; viz. short serious remonstrances, made without witness, or only in the presence of the other children; exclusion from the general meal; or, lastly, corporeal punishment: on which head it is remarked by M. Vehrli ‘that it is not advisable to make too much use of corporeal punishments in education, but it must be acknow-

ledged that, when well chosen and fairly and temperately applied, they cannot but prove beneficial: that he finds it necessary to have recourse to the ferula, especially with the younger children: that with respect to the elder ones, if a fatherly admonition proves insufficient, in preference to blows he makes use of a vigorous remonstrance *te-te-tete*, or subjects them to some mortification in presence of their comrades."

The details relating to this School of Industry are much more ample than on any other subject in the reports; and we think that they cannot but be deeply interesting to all those who are anxious for the instruction of the poor, and who believe that society has not yet exhausted all its means of reclaiming the profligate. Humane and benevolent individuals, whose inquiries are turned to the reformation of criminals and the prevention of juvenile delinquency, might here find an instance of labours usefully directed and successfully pursued. They will observe, it is true, in M. Vehrli's proceedings some things ludicrous, some frivolous, and others of questionable utility: but they will perceive, at the same time, much that is good, deserving to be admired, and worthy of being imitated.

Of the other establishments of M. de Fellenberg, these Reports do not furnish us with materials on which we could ground any accurate judgment: but the notions which we have hitherto entertained on the benefit derived to society from the division of labour, do not induce us to be very sanguine about the combined character, which he seems desirous to form, of the labourer and the artisan. Except, however, in the enumeration of the various departments at Hofwyl, we scarcely find a word mentioned of the manufactory of agricultural instruments, or of the workshop employed in the improvement of agricultural mechanism.—As to the success of M. de Fellenberg's farming system, and the present condition of his estate, the only account of any consequence occurs in the translator's preface. "M. de Fellenberg's estate," he tells us, "consists of nearly two hundred acres of land, of which the great proportion is poor and unpromising: it has, however, been considerably improved by the mode of tillage,

and rotation of crops; and M. de Fellenberg has been at considerable expence in draining, removing stones, deep ploughing or trenching, and the introduction of many useful agricultural implements. It was in the month of June that these remarks were made, but the crops at Hofwyl, though superior to those of the neighbouring farmers, were by no means equal to the expectations excited by the statements contained in the various publications on that subject."

LORD BYRON'S LETTER TO MR. MURRAY.  
(Continued from our last No. page 318.)

The Euxine is a noble sea to look upon, and the port of Constantinople the most beautiful of harbours, and yet I cannot but think that the twenty sail of the line, some of one hundred and forty guns, rendered it more "poetical" by day in the sun, and by night perhaps still more, for the Turks illuminate their vessels of war in a manner the most picturesque, and yet all this is *artificial*. As for the Euxine, I stood upon the Symplegades—I stood by the broken altar still exposed to the winds upon one of them—I felt all the "*poetry*" of the situation, as I repeated the first lines of Medea; but would not that "*poetry*" have been heightened by the *Argo*? It was so even by the appearance of any merchant vessel arriving from Odessa. But Mr. Bowles says, "why bring your ship off the stocks?" for no reason that I know, except that ships are built to be launched. The water, &c. undoubtedly heightens the poetical associations, but it does not *make* them; and the ship amply repays the obligation: they aid each other; the water is more poetical with the ship—the ship less so without the water. But even a ship, laid up in dock, is a grand and a poetical sight. Even an old boat, keel upwards, wrecked upon the barren sand, is a "poetical" object; (and Wordsworth, who made a poem about a washing-tub and a blind boy, may tell you so as well as I) whilst a long extent of sand and unbroken water, without the boat, would be as like dull prose as any pamphlet lately published.

What makes the poetry in the image of the "*marble waste of Tadmor*," or Grainger's "*Ode to Solitude*," so much admired by Johnson? Is it the "*marble*," or the "*waste*,"

the *artificial* or the *natural* object? The "*waste*" is like all other *wastes*; but the "*marble*" of P. Imyra makes the poetry of the passage as of the place.

The beautiful but barren Hymettus, the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, &c. &c., are in themselves poetical, and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But am I to be told that the "*nature*" of Attica would be *more* poetical without the "*art*" of the Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical, the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? The columns of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself? The rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's ship was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes, far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves; what are they to a thousand scenes in the wilder parts of Greece, of Asia Minor, Switzerland, or even of Cintra in Portugal, or to many scenes of Italy, and the Sierras of Spain? But it is the "*art*," the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. Without them, the *spots* of earth would be unnoticed and unknown; buried, like Babylon and Nineveh, in indistinct confusion, without poetry, as without existence; but to whatever spot of earth these ruins were transported, if they were *capable* of transportation, like the obelisk, and the sphinx, and the Memnon's head, *there* they would still exist in the perfection of their beauty, and in the pride of their poetry. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The ruins are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art.

Mr. Bowles contends again that the pyramids of Egypt are poetical, because of "the association with boundless deserts," and that a "pyramid of the same dimensions" would



not be sublime in "Lincoln's Inn Fields;" not so poetical certainly; but take away the "pyramids," and what is the "desert?" Take away Stone-henge from Salisbury plain, and it is nothing more than Hounslow Heath, or any other uninclosed down. It appears to me that St Peter's, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Palatine, the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Venus di Medicis, the Hercules, the dying Gladiator, the Moses of Michael Angelo, and all the higher works of Canova, I have already spoken of those of ancient Greece, still extant in that country, or transported to England), are as *poetical* as Mont Blanc or Mount Etna, perhaps still more so, as they are direct manifestations of mind, and *presuppose* poetry in their very conception; and have moreover, as being such, a something of actual life, which cannot belong to any part of inanimate nature, unless we adopt the system of Spinoza, that the world is the Deity. There can be nothing more poetical in its aspect than the city of Venice: does this depend upon the sea, or the canals?—

"The dirt and sea-weed whence proud Venice rose?"

Is it the canal which runs between the palace and the prison, or the "Bridge of Sighs," which connects them, that render it poetical? Is it the "Canal Grande," or the Rialto which arches it, the churches which tower over it, the palaces which line, and the gondolas which glide over the waters, that render this city more poetical than Rome itself? Mr. Bowles will say, perhaps, that the Rialto is but marble, the palaces and churches only stone, and the gondolas a "coarse" black cloth, thrown over some planks of carved wood, with a shining bit of fantastically formed iron at the prow, "*without*" the water. And I tell him that without these, the water would be nothing but a clay-coloured ditch, and whoever says the contrary, deserves to be at the bottom of that, where Pope's heroes are embraced by the mud nymphs. There would be nothing to make the canal of Venice more poetical than that of Paddington, were it not for the artificial adjuncts above-mentioned, although it is a perfectly natural canal, formed by the sea, and the innumerable islands which constitute the site of this extraordinary city.

The very Cloaca of Tarquin at Rome are as poetical as Richmond Hill; many will think more so: take away Rome, and leave the Tibur and the seven hills, in the nature of Evander's time. Let Mr. Bowles, or Mr. Wordsworth, or Mr. Southey, or any of the other "naturals," make a poem upon them, and then see which is most poetical, their production, or the commonest guide-book, which tells you the road from St. Peter's to the Coliseum, and informs you what you will see by the way. The ground interests in Virgil, because it *will* be Rome, and not because it is Evander's rural domain.

Mr. Bowles then proceeds to press Homer into his service, in answer to a remark of Mr. Campbell's, that "Homer was a great describer of works of art." Mr. Bowles contends that all his great power, even in this, depends upon their connexion with nature. The "shield of Achilles" derives its poetical interest from the subjects described on it." And from what does the *spear* of Achilles derive its interest? and the helmet and the mail worn by Patroclus, and the celestial armour, and the very brazen greaves of the well booted Greeks? Is it solely from the legs, and the back, and the breast, and the human body, which they enclose? In that case, it would have been more poetical to have made them fight naked; and Gulley and Gregson, as being nearer to a state of nature, are more poetical boxing in a pair of drawers than Hector and Achilles in radiant armour, and with heroic weapons.

Instead of the clash of helmets, and the rushing of chariots, and the whizzing of spears, and the glancing of swords, and the cleaving of shields, and the piercing of breastplates, why not represent the Greeks and Trojans like two savage tribes, tugging and tearing, and kicking, and biting, and gnashing, foaming, grinning, and gouging, in all the poetry of martial nature, unincumbered with gross, prosaic, artificial arms, an equal superfluity to the natural warrior, and his natural poet. Is there any thing unpoetical in Ulysses striking the horses of Rhesus with *his bow*, (having forgotten his thong, or would Mr. Bowles have had him kick them with his foot, or smack them with his hand, as being more unsophisticated?

In Gray's Elegy, is there an image more striking than his "shapeless

sculpture?" Of sculpture in general, it may be observed, that it is more poetical than nature itself, inasmuch as it represents and bodies forth that ideal beauty and sublimity which is never to be found in actual nature. This at least is the general opinion. But, always excepting the Venus di Medicis, I differ from that opinion, at least as far as regards female beauty; for the head of Lady Chattermont, when I first saw her nine years ago, seemed to possess all that sculpture could require for its ideal. I recollect seeing something of the same kind in the head of an Albanian girl, who was actually employed in mending a road in the mountains, and in some Greek, and one or two Italian, faces. But of *sublimity*, I have never seen any thing in human nature at all to approach the expression of sculpture, either in the Apollo, the Moses, or other of the sterner works of ancient or modern art.

Let us examine a little further this "babble of green fields" and of bare nature in general as superior to artificial imagery, for the poetical purposes of the fine arts. In landscape painting, the great artist does not give you a literal copy of a country, but he invents and composes one. Nature, in her actual aspect, does not furnish him with such existing scenes as he requires. Even where he presents you with some famous city, or celebrated scene from mountain or other nature, it must be taken from some particular point of view, and with such light, and shade, and distance, &c. as serve not only to heighten its beauties, but to shadow its deformities. The poetry of Nature alone, *exactly* as she appears, is not sufficient to bear him out. The very sky of his painting is not the *portrait* of the sky of Nature; it is a composition of different *skies*, observed at different times, and not the whole copied from any *particular* day. And why? Because Nature is not lavish of her beauties; they are widely scattered, and occasionally displayed, to be selected with care, and gathered with difficulty.

Of sculpture I have just spoken. It is the great scope of the sculptor to heighten Nature into heroic beauty, i. e. in plain English, to surpass his model. When Canova forms a statue, he takes a limb from one, a hand from another, a feature from a third, and a shape, it may be,

from a fourth, probably at the same time improving upon all, as the Greek of old did in embodying his Venus.

Ask a portrait painter to describe his agonies in accommodating the faces with which Nature and his sitters have crowded his painting-room to the principles of his art: with exception of perhaps ten faces in as many millions, there is not one which he can venture to give without shading much and adding more Nature, exactly, simply, barely Nature, will make no great artist of any kind, and least of all a poet—the most artificial, perhaps, of all artists in his very essence. With regard to natural imagery, the poets are obliged to take some of their best illustrations from art. You say that a "fountain is as clear or clearer than glass," to express its beauty—

"O fons Bandusiae, splendor vitro!"

In the speech of Mark Antony, the body of Cæsar is displayed, but so also is his mantle:

"You all do know this mantle," &c.

"Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through."

If the poet had said that Cassius had run his *fiat* through the rent of the mantle, it would have had more of Mr. Bowles's "na ure" to help it; but the artificial *dagger* is more poetical than any natural *hand* without it. In the sublime of sacred poetry, "Who is this that cometh from Edom? with dyed garments from Bozrah?" Would "the comer" be poetical without his "*dyed garments*?" which strike and startle the spectator, and identify the approaching object.

The mother of Sisera is represented listening for the "*wheels of his chariot*." Solomon, in his Song, compares the nose of his beloved to "a tower," which to us appears an eastern exaggeration. If he had said, that her stature was like that of a "tower's," it would have been as poetical as if he had compared her to a tree.

"The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex"

is an instance of an artificial image to express a moral superiority. But Solomon, it is probable, did not compare his beloved's nose to a "tower" on account of its length, but of its symmetry; and making allowance

for eastern hyperbole, and the difficulty of finding a discreet image for a female nose in nature, it is perhaps as good a figure as any other.

Art is *not* inferior to nature for poetical purposes. What makes a regiment of soldiers a more noble object of view than the same mass of mob? Their arms, their dresses, their banners, and the art and artificial symmetry of their position and movements. A Highlander's plaid, a Mussulman's turban, and a Roman toga, are more poetical than the tattooed or untattooed buttocks of a New Sandwich savage, although they were described by William Wordsworth himself like the "idiot in his glory."

I have seen as many mountains as most men, and more fleets than the generality of landmen; and to my mind, a large convoy with a few sail of the line to conduct them, is as noble and as poetical a prospect as all that inanimate nature can produce. I prefer the "mast of some great admiral," with all its tackle, to the Scotch fir or the alpine tannen; and think that *more* poetry has been made out of it. In what does the infinite superiority of "Falconer's Shipwreck" over all other shipwrecks consist? In his admirable application of the terms of his art; in a poet-sailor's description of the sailor's fate. These *very terms*, by his application, make the strength and reality of his poem. Why? because he was a poet, and in the hands of a poet art will not be found less ornamental than nature. It is precisely in general nature, and in stepping out of his element, that Falconer fails; where he digresses to speak of ancient Greece, and "such branches of learning."

In Dyer's Grongar Hill, upon which his fame rests, the very appearance of nature herself is moralized into an artificial image:

"Thus is nature's *vesture* wrought,  
To instruct our wandering thought;  
Thus she *dresses green and gay*,  
To disperse our cares away."

And here also we have the telescope; the misuse of which, from Milton, has rendered Mr. Bowles so triumphant over Mr. Campbell:

"So we mistake the future's face,  
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass."

And here a word en passant to Mr. Campbell:

"As yon summits, soft and fair,  
Clad in colours of the air,

Which to those who journey near  
Barren, brown, and rough appear,  
Still we tread the same coarse way—  
The present's still a cloudy day."

Is not this the original of the far-famed—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to  
the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure  
hue?"

To return once more to the sea. Let any one look on the long wall of Malamocco, which curbs the Adriatic, and pronounce between the sea and its master. Surely that Roman work, (I mean *Roman* in conception and performance), which says to the ocean, "thus far shalt thou come, and no further," and is obeyed, is not less sublime and poetical than the angry waves which vainly break beneath it.

Mr. Bowles makes the chief part of a ship's poesy depend upon the "*wind*;" then why is a ship under sail more poetical than a hog in a high wind? The hog is all nature, the ship is all art, "coarse canvass," "blue bunting," and "tall poles;" both are violently acted upon by the wind, tossed here and there, to and fro, and yet nothing but excess of hunger could make me look upon the pig as the more poetical of the two, and then only in the shape of a griskin.

Will Mr. Bowles tell us that the poetry of an aqueduct consists in the *water* which it conveys? Let him look on that of Justinian, on those of Rome, Constantinople, Lisbon, and Elvas, or even at the remains of that in Attica.

We are asked, "what makes the venerable towers of Westminster Abbey more poetical, as objects, than the tower for the manufactory of patent shot, surrounded by the same scenery?" I will answer—the *architecture*. Turn Westminster Abbey or Saint Paul's into a powder magazine, their poetry, as objects, remains the same; the Partheon was actually converted into one by the Turks, during Morosini's Venetian siege, and part of it destroyed in consequence. Cromwell's dragoons stalled their steeds in Worcester cathedral; was it less poetical as an object than before? Ask a foreigner on his approach to London, what strikes him as the most poetical of the towers before him: he will point out Saint Paul's and Westminster Abbey, without, perhaps, knowing

the names or associations of either, and pass over the "tower for patent shot," not that for any thing he knows to the contrary, it might not be the mausoleum of a monarch, or a Waterloo column, or a Trafalgar monument, but because its architecture is obviously inferior.

To the question, "whether the description of a game of cards be as poetical, supposing the execution of the artists equal, as a description of a walk in a forest?" it may be answered, that the *materials* are certainly not equal; but that "the artist," who has rendered the "game of cards poetical," is *by far* the greater of the two. But all this "ordering" of poets is purely arbitrary on the part of Mr. Bowles. There may or may not be, in fact, different "orders" of poetry, but the poet is always ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art.

Tragedy is one of the highest presumed orders. Hughes has written a tragedy, and a very successful one; Fenton another; and Pope none. Did any man, however,—will even Mr. Bowles himself, rank Hughes and Fenton as poets above Pope? Was even Addison, (the author of Cato), or Rowe, (one of the higher order of dramatists as far as success goes), or Young, or even Otway and Southerne, even raised for a moment to the same rank with Pope in the estimation of the reader or the critic, before his death or since? If Mr. Bowles will contend for classifications of this kind, let him recollect that descriptive poetry has been ranked as among the lowest branches of the art, and description as a mere ornament, but which should never form "the subject" of a poem. The Italians, with the most poetical language, and the most fastidious taste in Europe, possess now five *great* poets, they say, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and lastly Alfieri; and whom do they esteem one of the highest of these, and some of them the very highest? Petrarch the *summet*: it is true that some of his Canzoni are *not less* esteemed, but *not more*; who ever dreams of his Latin Africa?

Were Petrarch to be ranked according to the "order" of his compositions, where would the best of sonnets place him? with Dante and the others? no; but, as I have before

said, the poet who *ex cutes* best, is the highest, whatever his department, and will ever be so rated in the world's esteem.

Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory: without it, his odes would be insufficient for his fame. The depreciation of Pope is partly founded upon a false idea of the dignity of his order of poetry, to which he has partly contributed by the ingenious boast,

"That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,  
But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song."

He should have written "rose to truth." In my mind the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth. Religion does not make a part of my subject; it is something beyond human powers and has failed in all human hands except Milton's and Dante's, and even Dante's powers are involved in his delineation of human passions, though in supernatural circumstances. What made Socrates the greatest of men? His moral truth—his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the Son of God hardly less than his miracles? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained as an adjunct to his Gospel by the Deity himself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order* of poetry; and are we to be told this too by one of the priesthood? It requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the "forests" that ever were "walked" for their "description;" and all the epics that ever were founded upon fields of battle. The Georgics are indisputably, and, I believe, *undisputedly* even a finer poem than the Æneid. Virgil knew this; he did not order them to be burnt.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call "imagination" and "invention," the two commonest of qualities: an Irish peasant with a little whiskey in his head will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth a

modern poem. If Lucretius had not been spoiled by the Epicurean system, we should have had a far superior poem to any now in existence. As mere poetry, it is the first of Latin poems. What then has ruined it? His ethics. Pope has not this defect; his moral is as pure as his poetry is glorious.

[To be continued.]

## ANALECTA.

In our 19th number we made some extracts from Mr. Southey's new poem, "The Vision of Judgment." The only remaining passage we find worthy of selection is the following, in which the author supposes an interview between WASHINGTON and George III., after the absolution of the monarch, and his entrance into heaven. The delineation of the great patriot appears to us striking, and, with one exception, characteristic, though obscured by the unhappy choice of metre.

From the Souls of the Blessed  
Some were there then who advanced, and  
more from the skirts of the meeting,  
"Spirits who had not yet accomplished their  
purification,  
Yet being cleansed from pride, from faction  
and error delivered,  
Purged of the film wherewith the eye of  
the mind is clouded,  
They, in their better state, saw all things  
clear; and discerning  
Now in the light of truth what tortuous  
views had deceived them,  
They acknowledged their fault and owned  
the wrong they had offered;  
Not without ingenuous shame and a sense  
of compunction,  
More or less as each had more or less to  
atone for.  
One alone remained when the rest had retired  
to their station:  
Silently he had stood, and still unmoved  
and in silence,  
With a steady mein regarded the face of  
the Monarch.  
Thoughtful awhile he gazed: severe, but  
serene, was his aspect  
Calm, but stern; like one whom no compassion  
could weaken,  
Neither could doubt deter, nor violent impulses  
alter:  
Lord of his own resolves: of his own heart  
absolute master.  
Awful spirit! his place was with ancient  
sages and heroes:  
Fabius, Aristides, and Solon, and Epaminondas.

Here then at the gate of Heaven we  
are met! said the spirit  
King of England! albeit in life opposed to  
each other,



Here we meet at last. Not unprepared  
For the meeting  
When I; for we had both outlived all en-  
mity, rendering

Each to each that justice which each from  
each had withholden.

In the course of events, to thee I seem'd as  
a Rebel.

Thou a Tyrant to me;—so strongly doth  
circumstance rule men

During evil days when right and wrong  
are confounded.

Left to our hearts we were just. For me  
my actions have spoken,

That not for lawless desires, nor goaded  
by desperate fortunes,

Nor for ambition I chose my part; but  
observant of duty,

Self-approved. And here, this witness I  
willingly bear thee.—

Here before angels and men in the awful  
hour of judgment,—

Thou too didst act with upright heart as  
be-fitted a Sovereign,

True to his sacred trust, his crown, his  
kingdom and people.

Heaven in these things fulfilled its wise  
though inscrutable purpose,

While we work'd its will, doing each in  
his place as became him.

Washington! said the Monarch, well  
hast thou spoken and truly,

Just to thyself and to me. On them is the  
guilt of the contest,

Who, for wicked ends, with foul arts of  
faction and falsehood,

Kindled and fed the flame; but verily they  
have their guerdon.

Thou and I are free from offence. And  
would that the nations,

Learning of us would lay aside all wrong-  
ful resentment,

All injurious thought, and honouring each  
in the other

Kindred courage and virtue, and cognate  
knowledge and freedom,

Live in brotherhood wisely conjoined.  
We set the example,

They who stir up strife, and would break  
that natural concord,

Evil they sow, and sorrow will they reap  
for their harvest.

#### EXTRACTS

##### FROM LORD BYRON'S NEW TRAGEDY.

We promised in our last number  
to give a fuller account of the Doge  
of Venice, but are not able to af-  
ford space for it. Our readers must con-  
tent themselves with some extracts.

Parts of the following dialogue  
between the Doge and his Duchess  
Angiolina (who our readers may re-  
member had been aspersed in a pub-  
lic placard) appear to us as beautiful  
as any thing Lord Byron has before  
published.

DOGE.

Where is honour,  
Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 'tis the  
rock

Of faith connubial; where it is not—where  
Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities  
Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart.

Or sensual throbs convulse it, well I know  
'Twere hopeless for humanity to dream

Of honesty in such infected blood,  
Although 'twere wed to him it covets most:

An incarnation of the poet's god  
In all his marble-chisell'd beauty, or

The demi-deity, Alcides, in  
His majesty of superhuman manhood,

Would not suffice to bind where virtue is  
not:

It is consistency which forms and proves it:  
Vice cannot fix, and virtue cannot change.

The once fall'n woman must for ever fall;  
For vice must have variety, while virtue

Stands like the sun, and all which rolls  
around

Drinks life, and light, and glory from her  
aspect.

ANGIOLINA.

And seeing, feeling thus this truth in others,  
(I pray you pardon me) but wherefore

yield you  
To the most fierce of fatal passions, and

Disquiet your great thoughts with restless  
hate

Of such a thing as Steno?

DOGE.

You mistake me.  
It is not Steno who could move me thus;

Had it been so, he should—but let that  
pass.

ANGIOLINA.

What is't you feel so deeply, then, even  
now?

DOGE.

The violated majesty of Venice,  
At once insulted in her lord and laws.

ANGIOLINA.

Alas! why will you thus consider it?

DOGE.

I have thought on't till—but let me lead  
you back

To what I urged—all these things being  
noted,

I wedded you—the world then did me jus-  
tice

Upon the motive, and my conduct proved  
They did me right, while your's was all to

praise:  
You had all freedom—all respect—all

trust  
From me and mine; and, born of those

who made  
Princes at home, and swept kings from

their thrones  
On foreign shores, in all things you ap-  
pear'd

Worthy to be our first of native dames.

ANGIOLINA.

To what does this conduct?

DOGE.

To thus much—that  
A miscreant's angry breath may blast it

all—  
A villain, whom for his unbridled bearing,

Even in the midst of our great festival,  
I caused to be conducted forth, and taught

How to demean himself in ducal chambers;

A wretch like this may leave upon the  
wall

The blighting venom of his sweltering  
heart,

And this shall spread itself in general poi-  
son—

And woman's innocence, man's honour,  
pass

Into a by-word—and the doubly felon  
(Who first insulted virgin modesty

By a gross affront to your attendant dam-  
sels

Amidst the noblest of our dames in public)  
Requite himself for his most just expulsion

By blackening publicly his sovereign's  
consort,

And be absolved by his upright compeers.

ANGIOLINA.

But he has been condemn'd into captivity.

DOGE.

For such as him a dungeon were acquittal;  
And his brief term of mock-arrest will

pass  
Within a palace. But I've done with him;  
The rest must be with you.

ANGIOLINA.

With me, my lord?

DOGE.

Yes, Angiolina. Do not marvel; I  
Have let this prey upon me till I feel

My life cannot be long; and fain would  
have you

Regard the injunctions you will find within  
This scroll (*Giving her a paper*)—Fear

not; they are for your advantage:  
Read them hereafter at the fitting hour.

ANGIOLINA.

My lord, in life, and after life, you shall  
Be honour'd still by me; but may your

days  
Be many yet—and happier than the pre-  
sent!

This passion will give way, and you will  
be

Serene, and what you should be—what  
you were.

DOGE.

I will be what I should be, or be nothing;  
But never more—oh! never, never more,

O'er the few days or hours which yet await  
The blighted old age of Faliero, shall

Sweet Quiet shed her sunset! Never more  
Those summer shadows rising from the

past  
Of a not ill-spent nor inglorious life,

Mellowing the last hours as the night ap-  
proaches,

Shall soothe me to my moment of long rest.  
I had but little more to ask, or hope,

Save the regards due to the blood and  
sweat,

And the soul's labour through which I had  
toil'd

To make my country honour'd. As her  
servant—

Her servant, though her chief—I would  
have gone

Down to my fathers with a name serene  
And pure as theirs; but this has been de-  
nied me.—

Would I had died at Zara!

ANGIOLINA.

There you saved  
The state; then live to save her still. A  
day,

Another day like that would be the best  
Reproof to them, and sole revenge for you.

DOGE.

But one such day occurs within an age;  
My life is little less than one, and 'tis  
Enough for Fortune to have granted *once*,  
That which scarce one more favour'd citi-  
zen

May win in many states and years. But  
why

Thus speak I? Venice has forgot that day;  
Then why should I remember it?—Fare-  
well,

Sweet Angiolina! I must to my cabinet—  
There's much for me to do—and the hour  
hastens.

ANGIOLINA.

Remember what you were.

DOGE.

It were in vain!

Joy's recollection is no longer joy,  
While Sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.

ANGIOLINA.

At least whate'er may urge, let me im-  
plore

That you will take some little pause of  
rest:

Your sleep for many nights has been so  
turbid,

That it had been relief to have awaked  
you,

Had I not loped that Nature would o'er-  
power

At length the thoughts which shook your  
slumbers thus.

An hour of rest will give you to your toils  
With fitter thoughts and fresher'd strength.

DOGE.

I cannot—

I must not, if I could; for never was  
Such reason to be watchful: yet a few—  
Yet a few days and dream-perturbed  
nights,

And I shall slumber well—but where?—  
no matter.

Adieu, my Angiolina.

ANGIOLINA.

Let me be

An instant—yet an instant your compan-  
ion;

I cannot bear to leave you thus.

DOGE.

Come then,

My gentle child—forgive me; thou wert  
made

For better fortunes than to share in mine,  
Now dashing in their close toward the  
deep vale

Where Death sits robed in his all-sweep-  
ing shadow

When I am gone—it may be sooner than  
Even these years warrant, for there is that  
stirring

Within—above—around, that in this city  
Will make the cemeteries populous

As e'er they were by pestilence or war,—  
When I am nothing, let that which I *was*

Be still sometimes a name on thy sweet  
lips.

A shadow in thy fancy, of a thing  
Which would not have thee mourn it, but  
remember—

Let us begone, my child—the time is pres-  
sing. [Exeunt

The following is the concluding  
speech of the Doge at the place of  
execution:

DOGE.

May I speak?

REINTEINDE.

Thou mayest;

But recollect the people are without,  
Beyond the compass of the human voice.

DOGE.

I speak to Time and to Eternity,  
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.  
Ye elements! in which to be resolved  
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit  
Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my  
banner,

Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you  
loved it,

And fill'd my swelling sails as they were  
wafted

To many a triumph! Thou my native earth,  
Which I have bled for, and thou foreign  
earth,

Which drank this willing blood from many  
a wound!

Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink,  
but

Reek up to Heaven! Ye skies, which will  
receive it!

Thou sun! which shinest on these things,  
and Thou!

Who kindest and who quenchest suns!—  
Attest!

I am not innocent, but are these guiltless?  
I perish but not unavenged; far ages  
Float up from the abyss of time to be,  
And show these eyes, before they close,  
the doom

Of this proud city, and I leave my curse  
On her and hers for ever!—Yes the hours

Are silently engendering of the day,  
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bul-  
wark,

Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely  
yield

Unto a bastard Attila, without  
Shedding so much blood in her last de-  
fence

As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding  
her,

Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be  
bought

And sold, and be an anapan to those  
Who should despise her!—She shall stoop  
to be

A province for an empire, petty town  
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,

Beggars for nobles, pandars for a people!  
Then when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,

The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek  
Walks o'er thy mart and smiles on it for his!

When thy patricians beg their bitter bread  
In narrow streets, and in their shameful  
need

Make their nobility a plea for pity!

Then, when the few who still retain a  
wreck

Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn  
Round a barbarian Vice of Kings' Vice-  
gerent,

Even in the palace where they sway'd as  
sovereigns,

Even in the palace where they slew their  
sovereign,

Proud of some name they have disgraced,  
or sprung

From an adulteress boastful of her guilt  
With some large gondolier or foreign sol-  
dier,

Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph  
To the third spurious generation—when

Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,  
Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the  
victors,

Despised by cowards for greater cowar-  
dice,

And scorn'd even by the vicious for such  
vices

As in the monstrous grasp of their concep-  
tion

Defy all codes to image or to name them;  
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject  
kingdom,

All thine inheritance shall be her shame  
Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters,  
grown

A wider proverb for worse prostitution;—  
When all the ills of conquer'd states shall  
cling thee,

Vice without splendour, sin without relief  
Even from the gloss of love to smooth it  
e'er,

But in its stead coarse lusts of habitude,  
Prurient yet passionless, cold studied lewd-  
ness,

Depraving nature's frailty to an art—  
When these and more are heavy on thee,  
when

Smiles without mirth, and pastimes with-  
out pleasure,

Youth without honour, age without respect,  
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of  
woe

'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and  
dar'st not murmur,

Have made the last and worst of peopled  
deserts,

Then in the last gasp of thine agony,  
Amidst thy many murders, think of *mine*!

Thou den of drunkards with the blood of  
princes!

Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!  
Thou den of the infernal Gods!

Thee and thy serpent seed!

[Here the Doge turns, and addresses  
the Executioner.

Slave, do thine office!

Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I  
would

Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep  
as my curse!

Strike—and but once!

[The Doge throws himself upon his knees,  
and as the Executioner rises his sword  
the scene closes.

*A Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans under Generals Ross, Pakenham and Lambert, in the years 1814 and 1815: with some account of the countries visited. By an Officer who served in the expedition. Saperanda omnis Fortuna ferendo est. Virgil. London, Murray, 1821. 8vo. pp. 377.*

This is a work calculated to excite a good deal of interest, and well repays a perusal. Although not free from national prejudice, and disposed, as might be expected, to make the most of English operations, the author is upon the whole tolerably fair and candid. His book is valuable too, as adding to the materials for a history of the late war. In a literary point of view its merits are considerable. The style is easy and agreeable, and the pictures of the battles in which the author was present, appear to us uncommonly clear and distinct.

The author served in Lord Wellington's army in its French campaign, and embarked from Bordeaux with the expedition destined for this country. After some observations upon France, the voyage, and the West Indies, at which they touched, he proceeds to an account of the capture of Washington, which, as the principal part of it has appeared in the newspapers, we shall not extract. The British army, it will be remembered, after its retreat from Washington, re-embarked and landed at North Point, near which an engagement took place. We begin our extracts with the description of the march towards Baltimore.

"It was seven o'clock before the whole army was disembarked and in order for marching. The same arrangements which had been made on the late expedition, were, as far as circumstances would permit, again adopted on this. The light brigade, now commanded by major Jones of the 41st regiment, led the advance; then followed the artillery, amounting to six field pieces and two howitzers, all of them drawn by horses; next came the second brigade, then the sailors, and last of all the third brigade. Flank patrols and reconnoitring parties were likewise sent out; in short, the same admirable dispositions regulated the present march which had governed our march to Washington.

"The column being put in motion, advanced without the occurrence of any incident deserving of notice for about an hour, when it arrived at a piece of ground which appeared as if it had been lately in

possession of the enemy. It was a narrow neck of land, confined between the river on one side, and the head of a creek on the other, measuring perhaps a mile across. From the river to the creek a breast-work had been begun, and was partly completed. In front of it there were lines drawn apparently for the purpose of marking out the width of a ditch; in some places the ditch itself was dug, and the commencement of what resembled an enfiling battery, in the centre, showed that a considerable degree of science had been displayed in the choice of this spot as a military position: and, in truth, it was altogether such a position as, if completed, might have been maintained by a determined force against very superior numbers. Both flanks were completely protected, not only by water, but by thick wood, while a gentle eminence in the very middle of the line offered the most desirable situation for the projecting battery, which had been begun; because a fire from it would have swept the whole both to the right and left. In its present state, however, it was not tenable unless by a force as able to attack as to defend; consequently the Americans, who acted solely on the defensive, did wisely in choosing another.

"But the aspect of the ground was such as led us to conclude that the enemy could not be very distant. The troops were accordingly halted, that the rear might be well up, and the men fresh and ready for action. While this was done, part of the flank patrol came in, bringing with them three light-horsemen as prisoners. These were young gentlemen belonging to a corps of volunteers furnished by the town of Baltimore, who had been sent out to watch our motions and convey intelligence to the American general. Being but little used to such service, they had suffered themselves to be surprised; and instead of reporting to their own leader as to the number and dispositions of their adversaries, they were now catechized by general Ross respecting the strength and preparations of their friends. From them we learned that a force of no less than 20,000 men was embodied for the defence of Baltimore; but as the accounts of prisoners are generally overrated, we took it for granted that they made this report only to intimidate.

"Having rested for the space of an hour, we again moved forward, but had not proceeded above a mile when a sharp fire of musketry was heard in front, and shortly after a mounted officer came galloping to the rear who desired us to quicken our pace, for that the advanced guard was engaged. At this intelligence the ranks were closed, and the troops advanced at a brisk rate and in profound silence. The firing still continued, though from its running and irregular sound it promised little else than a skirmish; but whether it was kept up by detached parties alone or by the outposts of a regular army, we

could not tell; because from the quantity of wood with which the country abounds, and the total absence of all hills or eminences, it was impossible to discern what was going on at the distance of half a mile from where we stood.

"We were now drawing near the scene of action, when another officer came at full speed toward us, with horror and dismay in his countenance, and calling aloud for a surgeon. Every man felt within himself that all was not right, though no one was willing to believe the whispers of his own terror. But what at first we could not guess at, because we dreaded it so much, was soon realized; for the aid-de-camp had scarcely passed when the general's horse, without its rider, and with the saddle and housings stained with blood, came plunging onwards. Nor was much time given for fearful surmise as to the extent of our misfortune. In a few moments we reached the ground where the skirmishing had taken place, and beheld poor Ross laid by the side of the road under a canopy of blankets and apparently in the agonies of death. As soon as the firing began, he had ridden to the front that he might ascertain whence it originated, and, mingling with the skirmishers, was shot in the side by a rifleman. The wound was mortal: he fell into the arms of his aid-de-camp, and lived only long enough to name his wife, and to commend his family to the protection of his country. He was removed towards the fleet, but expired before his bearers could reach the boats.

"It is impossible to conceive the effect which the melancholy spectacle produced throughout this army. By the courteousness and condescension of his manners, general Ross had secured the absolute love of all who served under him, from the highest to the lowest; and his success on a former occasion, as well as his judicious arrangements on the present, had inspired every one with the most perfect confidence in his abilities. His very error, if error it may be called in so young a leader—I mean that diffidence in himself which had occasioned some loss of time on the march to Washington, appeared now to have left him. His movements were at once rapid and cautious; nay, his very countenance indicated a fixed determination and a perfect security of success. All eyes were turned upon him as we passed, and a sort of involuntary groan ran from rank to rank, from the front to the rear of the column.

By the fall of our gallant leader the command now devolved upon Colonel Brook, of the 44th regiment, an officer of decided personal courage, but perhaps, better calculated to lead a battalion than to guide an army. Being informed of his unexpected and undesired elevation, he came to the front, and under him we continued to move on; sorrowful indeed, but not dejected. The skirmishing had now ceased, for the American riflemen were



driven in; and in a few minutes we found ourselves opposite to a considerable force drawn up with some skill and occupying a strong position. Judging from appearances, I should say that the corps now opposed to us amounted to 6 or 7000 men. They covered a neck of land very much resembling that which we had passed, having both flanks defended by little inland lakes; the whole of their position was well wooded, and in front of their line was a range of high pailings similar to those which intersected the field of Bladensburg. About the centre, though somewhat advanced, was a farmhouse with its out buildings and stackyard; and near to the right ran the main road. Their artillery which could not greatly exceed our own either in weight of metal or number of guns, was scattered along the line of infantry in nearly the same order that it had been at Bladensburg, and their reserve was partly seen and partly hid by a thick wood.

The whole of this country is thick and unbroken. About half a mile in rear of where they stood are some heights, but to occupy these as they should be occupied would have required a much greater number of men than the American army could muster. Their general therefore, exhibited some judgment in his choice of ground; but perhaps, he would have exhibited more had he declined a pitched battle altogether. Yet to do him justice, I repeat, that the ground was well chosen; for, besides the covering of wood, which he secured for his own people, he took care to leave open fields in his front; by which means we were of necessity, exposed to a galling fire as soon as we came within range. Of one error, however, he was guilty. Either he did not possess himself of the farm house at all, or he suffered it to be taken from him with very little resistance; for, on the arrival of the column, at the ground where it was to form, it was in the occupation of our advanced guard. He was likewise to blame in not filling the wood on our left with skirmishers. In short, he acted foolishly, in merely attempting to repel attacks without ever dreaming that the most effectual mode of so doing is to turn the tables and attack the assailants.

As our troops came up they filed off to the right and left, and drew up just within cannon shot in the following order. The light brigade consisting, as I have formerly stated, of the 85th regiment and the light companies of the other corps, in extended order, threatened the whole front of the American army. The 21st remained in columns upon the road; the 4th moved off to the right and advanced through a thicket to turn the enemy's left; and the 44th, the seamen and mariners, formed a line in rear of the light brigade.

While this formation was going on, the artillery being brought up, opened upon the American army, and a smart cannon-

ade ensued on both sides. That our guns were well served, I myself can bear witness; for I saw the shrapnel shells, which were thrown from them, strike among the enemy and make fearful gaps in the line. The rockets likewise, began to play, one of which falling short, lighted upon a haystack in the barnyard, belonging to the farmhouse, and immediately set it on fire. The house itself, the stables, barns and outhouses, as well as all the other stacks, soon caught the flames; and the smoke and blaze which they emitted, together with the roar of cannon and flashes of the guns produced altogether a very fine effect.

In the mean time the American artillery was not idle. Pushing forward two light field pieces upon the road, they opened a destructive fire of grape upon the 21st regiment, and such of the sailors as occupied that point. Three other guns were directed against our artillery, between which, and several of our pieces, a sort of duel was maintained; and the rest played without ceasing upon the 85th, and the light companies, who had lain down while the other regiments took up their ground. Neither was their infantry altogether quiet. They marched several strong bodies from the right to the left, and withdrew others from the left to the right of their line, though for what end this marching and counter marching was undertaken I am at a loss to conceive. While thus fluctuating, it was curious to observe their dread of every spot where a cannon ball had stuck. Having seen the shots fall, I kept my eye upon one or two places, and perceived that each company as it drew near to those points, hung back; and then assuming as it were, a momentary courage, pushed past, leaving a vacancy between it and the company which next succeeded.

All this while the whole of our infantry except the 4th regiment, lay or stood in anxious expectation of an order to advance. This order however, was not given till that regiment had reached the thicket through which it was to make its way, when colonel Brook, with his staff, having galloped along the line to see that all was ready, commanded the signal to be made. The charge was accordingly sounded, and echoed back from every bugle in the army, when starting from the ground where they had lain, the troops moved on in a cool and orderly manner. A dreadful discharge of grape and cannister shot, of old locks, pieces of broken muskets, and every thing which they could cram into their guns, was now sent forth from the whole of the enemy's artillery; and some loss was on our side experienced. Regardless of this our men went on without either quickening or retarding their pace till they came within an hundred yards of the American line. As yet not a musket had been fired, or a word spoken on either side, but the enemy, now raising a shout, fired a volley

from right to left, and then kept up a rapid and ceaseless discharge of musketry. Nor were our people backward in replying to these salutes, for giving them back both their shout and their volley, we pushed on at double quick, with the intention of bringing them to the charge.

The bayonet is a weapon peculiarly British; at least it is a weapon which, in the hand of a British soldier, is irresistible. Though they maintained themselves with great determination, and stood to receive our fire till scarcely twenty yards divided us, the Americans would not hazard a charge. On our left indeed, where the 21st advanced in column, it was not without much difficulty and a severe loss that any attempt to charge could be made; for, in that quarter seemed to be the flower of the enemy's infantry, as well as the main body of their artillery; towards the right however, the day was quickly won. The only thing to be regretted, indeed, was that the attack had not been for some time longer deferred; because the Americans were broken and fled, just as the 4th regiment began to show itself upon the brink of the water which covered their flank; and before a shallow part could be discovered, and the troops were enabled to pass, they had time to escape.

As soon as their left gave way the whole American army fell into confusion; nor do I recollect on any occasion to have witnessed a more complete rout. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery were huddled together without the smallest regard to order or regularity. The sole subject of anxiety seemed to be which should escape first from the field of battle; inasmuch that numbers were actually trodden down by their countrymen in the hurry of the flight. Yet in spite of the short duration of the action which lasted little more than two hours from its first commencement, the enemy's loss was severe. They stood, in some respects, better than they had done at Bladensburg, consequently we were more mingled with them when they gave way, and were thus enabled to secure some prisoners; an event which their more immediate flight had, on the other occasion, prevented. In the capture of guns however, we were not so fortunate. Their pieces being light and well supplied with horses, they continued to carry off all excepting two, both of which also, would have escaped but for the shooting of the leaders.

But, considering the nature of the ground which they occupied, the number of killed and wounded in the American army was enormous, while in ours the casualties were much fewer than might have been expected. The 21st and seamen suffered most severely, and the 85th and light companies a little; but, had our gallant general been spared, we should have pronounced this a glorious, because a comparatively bloodless day. In the loss of that one man, however, we felt our-

selves more deeply wounded than if the best battalion in the army had been sacrificed.

In following up the flying enemy, the same obstacles which presented themselves at Bladensburg again came in the way. The thick woods quickly screened the fugitives, and, as even our mounted drivers were wanting, their horses having been taken for the use of the artillery, no effectual pursuit could be attempted, we accordingly halted upon the field of battle, of necessity content with the success which we had obtained; and having collected the stragglers and called in the pursuers, it was resolved to pass the night in this situation. Fires were therefore lighted, and the troops distributed in such manner as to secure a tolerable position in case of attack; and the wounded being removed into two or three houses, scattered along the ground, the victors lay down to sleep under the canopy of heaven.

We pass over the retreat and the author's subsequent adventures, to his account of the night attack made by General Jackson upon the British army, soon after their landing in Louisiana, which we think is described in a very interesting manner, and shall make copious extracts from it in our next.

(To be continued.)

#### THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

We have received the 48th number of this journal, published in April, and think it, upon the whole, more instructive and amusing than any recent number. The substance and manner of one or two of the articles are excellent, and, what is particularly commendable and worthy of remark, there is not a word of invective or sneer against this country, and no malevolent disparagement of liberal institutions any where. This looks well, and, if we believe it to proceed from a proper feeling towards us, will reduce the alloy with which the pleasure of reading some of its fine articles has been heretofore mixed. We subjoin a short view of the contents of this number.

*Art. I.* Is entitled *Freedom of Commerce*. The reviewer discusses the question of commercial restrictions briefly, but with great ability. The specious doctrine of free trade, in favour of which so much second-hand argument has lately been urged, is assailed with forcible reasoning; the greatness and wealth of England, are shown to have arisen from her encouragement of her own industry; and the absurdity of the attempts to break down the barriers

which nature has interposed between nations, to substitute a kind of universal benevolence for distinctive national feelings, and to amalgamate mankind into a common mass, is happily exposed. We shall give some extracts from this article, in our next number.

*Art. II.* A judicious criticism upon Mr. Maturin's *Melmoth*, in which the inconsistencies and bad taste of the author receive a deserved condemnation.

*Art. III.* A review of Murray's "*Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia, from the earliest period to the present time*," concluding with some recent intelligence from British travellers in Asia.

*Art. IV.* This is an amusing review of Accum's *Treatise on Culinary Poisons*.

*Art. V.* Is entitled "*Modern Novels*," and contains some general remarks upon the novels of the present day. The reviewer unaccountably passes over the far famed productions of the author of *Waverley*. Miss Edgeworth is spoken of rather slightly. The main subject of the article is a series of novels by a Miss Austin, the author of *Emma Persuasion*, &c. to which high praise is given.

*Art. VI.* Relates to a controversy between the reviewers and the editor of a new Greek Thesaurus.

*Art. VII.* Is on Horticulture, in itself a very interesting subject, and is here very agreeably handled. We propose to make some extracts from it in a future number, for the benefit of our country readers.

*Art. VIII.* "*Manners of the Athenians*." This is evidently from the same pen with some other admirable articles on the subject of ancient Greece, which have appeared in preceding numbers. The author, whoever he is, is a profound scholar, and unites to his great classical knowledge, what are very rarely united with it, a healthy judgment and far-sighted views. His views of Athenian society are exceedingly minute in detail, but clear and graphic, and the translations from the Greek dramas which are interspersed through these articles, are very happily executed.

*Art. IX.* Is plainly from Mr. Southey's prolific pen, and in his best manner. It is an account of the life and works of Huntington, the

independent preacher; the "*Sinner Saved*;" digested with great ability, from 20 octavo volumes of his works, and in the same style with the life of Wesley.

*Art. X.* A well written and judicious review of *Anastasius*.

*Art. XI.* Review of "*Petrarque et Laure*," by Mad. de Genlis, but more properly a survey of the life and writings of Petrarch.

#### PERCY ANECDOTES.

*Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre.*

As Henry II. of France was making a progress through his kingdom, he stopped at a small inn in Berri to sup. After supper, a youth sent into his majesty a copy of Greek verses. The king being no scholar, gave them to his chancellor to read, who was so pleased with them, that he desired him to order the boy who wrote them to come in. On inquiry, he found him to be one Amyott, the son of a mercer in the town. The chancellor recommended to his majesty to take the lad to Paris: he did so, and made him tutor to his children. Charles IX. to whom Amyott had been preceptor, having read that Charles V. had made his tutor, Adrian, a Pope, said that he would do as much for his tutor: and the post of Great Almoner of France being vacant, he gave him that honourable office. He afterwards conferred on him the bishopric of Auxerre.

#### Dr. Blow.

Charles II., who was very fond of music, perceiving genius in many of the children of the Chapel Royal, encouraged them to try to compose pieces by themselves. Many of the children composed anthems and services which would do honour to mature age, particularly John Blow, afterwards Doctor in Music, who attracted the notice of the king by his talents, and was asked by him if he could imitate a little duet of Carissimi to the words '*Dite o Ciel!*' Blow modestly answered he would try, and composed in the same measure, and the same key, that fine song '*Go perjured Man*;' and afterwards he composed another, little inferior, to the words '*Go perjured Maid*.'

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